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## ONE DAY ONLY--ONE DAY! At the Academy of Music, Ironton SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

A VOICE FROM THE TRENCHES.

New York City, June 3, 1916.

Thos. H. Ince, Esq.,  
Criterion Theatre,  
New York.

Dear Mr. Ince:

For one who has been through the Gehenna of Nations in France, and for the millions who remain, as I went, to lay down my life for the defense of my country and my loved ones, I thank you, sir, with a simple soldier's prayer that your wonderful picture (which I saw here to-night) may waken your own great race to the Demoniac madness of modern war. What you in your mighty screen sermon have depicted—vivid, remorseless and truly horrible as it is—is but the least part of the Saturnalia of war.

Picture the stench of your comrades rotting in death by your side as you are bespattered by the hot blood of others freshly butchered in all the blistering heat and volcanic thunder of shrieking shells and belching guns! Then in the black and deadlier silence of night, while you lie half buried in muddy, bloody slime hour after hour, waiting for hell's fire to burst out from earth and sky again, to feel the maggots, that are devouring in their millions the men you have lived and fought by, crawling over your own living carcass, as your brain reels in delirium at the sights and sounds you hear and see, and at those struggling souls you feel above and about you, still fighting a ghostly battle in

the air, as if not realizing Death!

Then—the thoughts of home, of the anguish of loved ones, their lack of your support—helpless women, hungry babies—Oh! God! You can't think of it.

No! Not even you, whose vision seems to have been made prophetic, clear and pure with the power of a great God-purpose. I can write no more. I can think of no more that I dare write. But, sir, you have in "Civilization" done a great work for God and for the sons of that man who made us all in His image.

Let every man, woman and child go to see this picture. Let them see in it that world tragedy we, whom I write for, have come through. Let them see in it—as I do—the de-thronement of the Physical with all its false idols and the awakening of Christ's Kingdom on earth of a new and fuller Spiritual Consciousness, born of Brotherhood and self Control, which in turn shall give birth to a New Race, with liberty-loving hospitable America as its home.

May God bless and prosper you as the world will thank you is the heart's prayer of

Yours for civilization,  
"A PLAIN BRITISH SOLDIER,"  
(Formerly of 2d (Worce.) Bat. R. F. A.)

P. S.—Please do what you like with the letter, but preserve my "nom-de-guerre," as I don't want my own personality obtruded.

Civilization is an argument against giving one man power of life and death over men, women and children.



SCENE FROM  
THOS. H. INCE'S  
"CIVILIZATION"



# CIVILIZATION!

DEDICATION.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the son of God, as he stood in a temple in Jerusalem, was asked, "Which is the first commandment of all?"

He replied, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." This is the first commandment, and the second is like unto it; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There is no commandment greater than these. To-day the great sorrowful eyes of this same Son of God gaze down upon blackened fields, where mangled bodies of men are strewn as grains of wheat, upon flaming, shattered hamlets and shattered firesides.

As he listens to the screaming of the shells, the crushing of monstrous guns, all the ghastly symphony of the reddest war mankind has ever known, His heart must recognize the bitter truth in the statement of one of the world's foremost educators—that in nineteen centuries Civilization has failed to accept honestly the teachings of Jesus Christ.

This is an allegorical story of a

war that has laughed at the world's flaunting boast of a higher progress.

It does not concern itself as to which side is in the right or wrong; but deals with those ranks which are paying the grim penalty—the ranks of humanity.

If the awful trail of battle stretches vividly through the scenes of the narrative, it is in the hope that a shocked and appalled world may henceforth devote itself more earnestly in the cause of peace.

Let our Civilization not be a mockery of our cherished ideals, but rather a synonym of that glorious work—humanity.

Dedicated to that vast, pitiful army whose tears have girdled the universe—the mothers of the dead.

THOS. H. INCE.

The greatest battle drama that ever was enacted before the eyes of your doubtful observer is Mr. Ince's "Civilization," disclosed at Cohan's Grand Opera House last night with undebatable success.

"Civilization doesn't suggest; it

does. It boldly and thrillingly sets forth in actual pictures the process of a wonder dramatic imagination.

The man, woman or child who unmoved can sit throughout this Ince masterpiece needs a sudden doctor—a slow one will be too late.

Original, huge, stunning and poetic.

ASHTON STEVENS,  
Chicago Examiner.

July 1st, 1916.

Nothing so stupendous ever before created by the brain of man.—New York Evening Journal.

Abounding in pictures of marvelous beauty.—New York Sun.

Outdoes the "Birth of a Nation."—New York Globe.

"Civilization" places Ince on an artistic footing with David Belasco.

"Civilization" places Ince on an moving, and above all, moving picture of war and its consequences.—New York Evening World.

An entertainment on an artistic level with Ben Hur.—New York Times.

MATINEE, 2:30. EVENING, 8:15. Prices, 25c and 50c.